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**TUESDAY NIGHT PROGRAM**  
CHANGE IN PICTURES

WM. DESMOND in "LIEUTENANT DANNY, U. S. A." Change in Vaudeville Acts by WALTERS & MURRAY

**WEDNESDAY NIGHT**  
PICTURES ONLY

WM. DESMOND and ENID MARKEY in "LIEUTENANT DANNY, U. S. A." FORD STERLING in Mack Sennett Comedy, "HIS LYING HEART."

Wednesday Night—Regular Admission 10c, 15c.

OVER THERE.

(Continued from Page Two.)

and bayoneted him. The other German who had survived our bombing threw up his hands and mouthed the Teutonic slogan of surrender—"Mercy, kamerad!" My bayonet had broken off in the encounter with the German officer, so I picked up a German rifle with a bayonet fixed, and Goddall and I worked on down the trench.

The German who had surrendered stood with his hands held high above his head, waiting for us to tell him what to do. He never took his eyes off of us even to look at his officer, lying at his feet. As we moved down



I Tumbled In on Top of the Four.

the trench he followed us, still holding his hands up and repeating, "Mercy, kamerad!" At the next trench angle we took five more prisoners, and as Goddall had been slightly wounded in the arm I turned the captives over to him and ordered him to take them to the rear. Just then the men of our second wave came over the parapet like a lot of hurdlers. In five minutes we had taken the rest of the Germans in the trench section prisoners, had reversed the fire steps and had turned their own machine gun against those of their retreating companies that we could catch sight of.

As we could do nothing more here, I gave orders to advance and re-entrench the front line. Our way led across a field furrowed with shell holes and spotted with bursting shells. Not a man hesitated. We were winning. That was all we knew or cared to know. We wanted to make it a certainty for our fellows who had gone ahead. As we were proceeding toward the German reserve trench I saw four of our men, apparently unharmed, lying in a shell hole. I stopped to ask them what they were doing there. As I spoke I held my German rifle and bayonet at the position of "guard," the tip of the bayonet advanced, about shoulder high. I didn't get their answer, for before they could reply I felt a sensation as if some one had thrown a lump of hard clay and struck me on the hip, and forthwith I tumbled in on top of the four, almost plunging my bayonet into one of them, a private named Williams.

McClintock Badly Wounded.

"Well, now you know what's the matter with us," said Williams. "We didn't fall in, but we crawled in." They had all been slightly wounded. I had twenty-two pieces of shrapnel and some shell fragments imbedded in my left leg between the hip and the knee. I followed the usual custom of the soldier who has "got it." The first thing I did was to light a "rag" (cigarette), and the next thing was to investigate and determine if I was in danger of bleeding to death. There wasn't much doubt about that. Arterial blood was spurting from two of the wounds, which were revealed when the other men in the hole helped me to cut off my breeches. With their aid I managed to stop the hemorrhage by improvising tourniquets with rags and bayonets. One I placed as high up as possible on the thigh and the other just below the knee. Then we all smoked another "rag" and lay there listening to the big shells going over and the shrapnel bursting near us. It was quite a concert too. We discussed what we ought to do, and finally I said:

"Here, you fellows can walk, and I can't. Furthermore, you're not able to carry me because you've got about all any of you can do to navigate alone. It doesn't look as if it's going to be any better here very soon. You all proceed to the rear, and if you can get some one to come after me I'll be obliged to you."

They accepted the proposition because it was good advice, and, besides, it was orders. I was their superior officer. And what happened right after that confirmed me forever in my early, Kentucky bred conviction that there is a great deal in luck. They couldn't have traveled more than fifty yards from the shell hole when the shriek of a high explosive seemed to come right down out of the sky into my ears, and the detonation which instantly followed shook the slanting sides of the shell hole until dirt in little dusty rivulets came trickling down upon me. Wounded as I was, I dragged myself up to the edge of the hole. There was no trace anywhere of the four men who had just left me. They have never been heard of since. Their bodies were never found. The big shell must have fallen right among

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1917 AUGUST 1917

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Prineville, Oregon, are at the Zynda, stopping off from a pleasure trip to the North. The Millicans are well known to a number of Alaskans who have filed on homesteads in Millican valley. Mrs. Millican is adding Alaskan curios to her already fine collection of historical Indian souvenirs.

ED. H. KEANE LEARNS OF MOTHER'S DEATH

Ed. H. Keane, of this city, has just received word of the death of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Keane, aged 68, of Cleveland, Ohio. Death came as the result of prostration during the recent heat wave.

TO WED IN PORTLAND.

As a surprise to her many friends in Bend, comes the announcement of the coming marriage of Miss Charlotte Ward, for nearly a year a member of The Bulletin force, to Everett Hughes, of Portland, well known in Bend as a representative of the Portland Warehouse Company, who enlisted in the hospital corps. Miss Ward left last night for Portland, where the wedding will be held this week.

SONS OF NORWAY GIVE POLICIES.

For the benefit of those in doubt about where the lodge Sons of Norway stands in regard to agitation of labor trouble and labor questions in general, and to correct those responsible for the rumors circulated last Saturday that labor questions were to be discussed at the lodge picnic Sunday, the 12th, we wish to make known to the public that the lodge Sons of Norway is a social and beneficial order and has no connection with any labor organization or political party. We wish to thank the public for their kind patronage.

SONS OF NORWAY, E. A. SATHER, President, H. HOGIN, Secretary. Adv.—210c

NOTICE.

All children below the eighth grade, who failed to pass their examination last year and who desire special tutoring for this next month, are requested to meet at the home of Mrs. J. D. Davidson, 124 Irving avenue, Saturday, August 18. Bring report cards. Instruction to start Monday, August 20.

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Bend in Brief

DOINGS IN YOUR CITY. You'll Find Them Here.

MONDAY.

I. O. O. F., Sather's hall, 8 p. m. Eastern Star, Masonic hall, 8 p. m. Painters and Decorators' union, Lone Pine Labor Temple, 8 p. m.

TUESDAY.

M. W. A., Sather's hall, 8 p. m. Culinary Alliance, Lone Pine Labor Temple, 8 p. m. Baptist congregation, at Baptist church, 8 p. m.

AMUSEMENTS.

TONIGHT.

Grand Theatre. Valeska Suratt, in "The New York Peacock." "A Footlight Flame." Liberty Theatre. Marguerite Clark, in "The Fortunes of Fifi." Special vaudeville.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dickinson, of Tumalo, are visiting in the city today.

V. M. Hodges was a week end visitor in the city from his home in Madras.

J. M. Griffin, of Tumalo, is in the city today to attend to some engineering work.

H. N. Aldrich, of Silver Lake, is attending to business matters in the city today.

W. W. Ferguson returned last night from a trip into the Big Marsh country near Crescent.

Miss Cornelia Stanley, Miss Ruth Shull and Alberta Bair of Portland, are visiting at the Stanley ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hastings left yesterday for St. Albans, Vermont, where Mr. Hastings will be stationed in his work as state forester.

C. M. Pence and Alex McAllister and family, of Redmond, Wash., were in Bend for the week end, visiting Sergeant and Mrs. Charles Davis.

MILICANS TRAVEL FAR.

The following clipping is from a Jeneau, Alaska, paper: "Mr. and Mrs. George Millican, of

them and simply blown them to bits.

It was about a quarter to 7 in the morning when I was hit. I lay in the shell hole until 2 in the afternoon, suffering more from thirst and cold and hunger than from pain. I only hoped the Germans wouldn't drive our men back over me. At 2 o'clock a batch of sixty prisoners came along under escort. They were being taken to the rear under fire. The artillery bombardment was still practically undiminished. I asked for four of the prisoners and made one of them get out his rubber ground sheet, carried around his waist. They responded willingly and seemed most ready to help me. I had a revolver (empty) and some bombs in my pockets, but I had no need to threaten them. They half dragged me toward the rear.

Carried to the Rear.

It was a trip which was not without incident. Every now and then we would hear the shriek of an approaching "coal box," and then my prisoner stretcher bearers and I would tumble in one indiscriminate group into the nearest shell hole. If we did that once we did it a half dozen times. After each dive the four would patiently reorganize and arrange the improvised stretcher again, and we would proceed. Following every tumble, however, I would have to tighten my tourniquets, and, despite all I could do, the hemorrhage from my wound continued to flow so profusely that I was beginning to feel very dizzy and weak. On the way in I sighted our regimental dressing station and signed to my four bearers to carry me toward it. I couldn't talk German. The station was in an old German dugout. Major Gilday was at the door. He laughed when he saw me with my own special ambulance detail.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked. "Most of all," I said, "I think I want a drink of rum."

He produced it for me instantly. "Now," said he, "my advice to you is to keep on traveling. You've got a fine special detail there to look after you. Make 'em carry you to Pozieres. It's only five miles, and you'll make it all right. I've got this place loaded up full, no stretcher bearers, no assistants, no adequate supply of bandages and medicines and a lot of very bad cases. If you want to get out of here in a week just keep right on going now."

As we continued toward the rear we were the targets for a number of humorous remarks from men coming up to go into the fight.

"Give my regards to Blighty, you lucky beggar," was the most frequent saying.

"Blit' me," said one cockney Tommy, "there goes one o' th' Canadians with an escort from the Kaiser."

"Another man stopped and asked about my wound. "Good work," he said. "I'd like to have a nice clean one like that myself."

I noticed one of the prisoners grinning at some remark and asked him if he understood English. He hadn't spoken to me, though he had shown the greatest readiness to help me.

"Certainly I understand English," he replied, speaking the language perfectly. "I used to be a waiter at the Knickerbocker hotel in New York." That sounded like a voice from home, and I wanted to hug him. I didn't. However, I can say for him he must have been a good waiter. He gave me good service.

Of the last stages of my trip to Pozieres I cannot tell anything, for I arrived unconscious from loss of blood. The last I remember was that the for-

mer waiter, evidently seeing that I was going out, asked me to direct him how to reach the field hospital station at Pozieres and whom to ask for when he got there. I came back to consciousness in a clean hospital cot the next morning.

I realized as I lay on that cot I was out of the modern hell for a time, and my mind drifted back over the days just passed. Wounded men, grim reminders, were all about me, many of them worse off than I was. I had seen all kinds of bravery—British officers climbing calmly over the top with a mousie in their eyes and a cane in their hands into almost certain death like a man getting into a tub of water where he knew he would get wet. "Come on; let's go!" they would drawl. My respects to them.

And also to the enemy. The German officers fight to the last. Few surrender. My hat off to them. And the dead brave Major Lewis and poor Morfarlane, my close comrades. And

only the other day I recall lance corporal Glass, the man I carried in after our first bombing raid in Belgium, had been killed in action in France. I saw it in a Montreal paper.

They vacinated me for everything while with the army—everything except against being shot. If a man could invent an antitoxin for that—well, he would be a hero.

The sixth article of this remarkable personal narrative will appear soon. It is entitled—

No. 6.—Decorated For Bravery; Home and Uncle Sam

This concluding article of the series relates in detail how England cares for the wounded. How the king and queen came to the bed of an American boy and decorated him in a London hospital for gallantry. Interesting, intimate and amusing incidents told by and of the wounded Tommies. Trying to fight for Uncle Sam.

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